

## THE PROPHECY OF NAPOLEON.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

It is said by Dr. O'Meara, in his "Voice from St. Helena," (p. 160,) that Napoleon conversed frequently upon the probability of another Revolution in France. "Ere twenty years have elapsed, when I am dead and buried," said he, "you will witness another Revolution in France. It is impossible that twenty-nine millions of Frenchmen can live contented under the yoke of sovereigns imposed upon them by foreigners, and against whom they have fought and bled for nearly thirty years. Can you blame the French for not being willing to submit to the yoke of such animals as Monchenu?" Napoleon died at St. Helena, on the 5th May, 1821. In July 1830, the revolution followed which, throwing off the yoke of one branch of the Bourbons, substituted for it the sway of another, which, more subtle, seems to have been not less reckless. The demonstration was made much within the time predicted by Napoleon. But the revolution was a fact only partially accomplished. Whether that of 1848, which may be assumed, at least, to be likely to relieve France wholly from the Bourbon domination, will place her in the condition which she desires, or which is desirable for her, will depend, perhaps, on two things—the limitation of the right of suffrage, and the advent of some great man, equally wise and courageous, who will meet the exigency. At all events, the prophecy of Napoleon is accomplished; and justifies us in the publication of the following verses, which were written in 1830.

But Las Casas has, in his Journal, a passage to the same effect, which is even more significant and literal. This passage, as offensive to royalty, has been suppressed in both the French and English editions. "In less than fifteen years from the present time," said the Emperor Napoleon to me one day, as we stood viewing the sea, from a rock which overhangs the road, "the whole European system will be changed. Revolution will succeed Revolution, until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it, the people of Europe will not long submit to be governed by these bands of petty Sovereigns, these aristocratic Cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the Order of Nobles in France. But I did it to give splendor to the Throne, and refine-

ment to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the Revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the Sun of Knowledge. The people have only to know that all power emanates from themselves, in order to assert their rights to a share in their respective governments. This will be the case even with the Boors of Russia. Yes, Las Casas, you may live to see the time, but I shall be cold in my grave, when that colossal but ill-cemented empire will be split into as many Sovereignities, perhaps Republics, as there are hordes or tribes which compose it."

And deem'st thou that France, in her free sunny valleys,  
And the people so gallant in peace and in war,  
Will slumber supinely when Liberty rallies,  
And waves her proud ensign in triumph afar?  
Content in her chains, and unconscious of glory,  
Untroubled by shame, and unfit to be free,  
Shall the nation, already immortal in story,  
To the tyrants they've fought with so long, bend the knee?

Believe it not, stranger, though now they dissemble,  
Since, weakened in fight, and by fraud overthrown,  
They will rise in their strength, and the tyrants shall tremble,  
Whom for thirty long years they have fought with alone:  
Then who shall resist the fierce strength of that power,  
When her millions of freemen in might shall advance,  
With one spirit endued, at the same glorious hour,  
To strike for the honor and freedom of France!

Believe not that long, 'neath the shroud of dishonor,  
Her national spirit shall slumber in shame;  
Already the day-star is bursting upon her,  
And guiding her feet back to glory and fame;  
No spot on her shield, and no stain on her story,  
No chain on her wrist, and no cloud on her brow,  
Through the mists of the future, I welcome her glory,  
As bright and as perfect as though it were now!

She will blush for her shame; she will rise with the terror,  
The wrath and the power of Freedom, alike;  
And dearly the Tyrant shall pay for his error,  
And firmly and fairly shall Liberty strike:  
No lip shall reprove them, no power subdue them,  
No folly mislead them; but, firm as the shore,  
They shall strike for their rights, and the nations shall view them  
Asserting their freedom, and taking no more!